

March 1896

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OF

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be a foundation resting on the principle of
righteousness, which principle is God.

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for the protection of his own soul, for
the peace of the family and as an evidence
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THE MANIFESTO.

Books & Papers.

IN 1894 Eugene Field wrote a story which he called "The Werewolf." When it was finished he laid it aside and a year afterward entirely rewrote it, and during the nine years between that time and his death in November last, he rewrote it eight times. His revision pleased him and he decided to print it. But death came too suddenly, and the story was found, unpublished, among his effects. Mrs. Field, concluding to have the story appear, gave it to the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* which magazine all of Mr. Field's work, outside of his newspaper articles, was presented to the public. The story will be printed in the next issue of the *Journal*, strikingly illustrated by Mr. Howard Pyle.

AMONG the unique exhibits at the Atlanta Exposition is a collection which is in itself a miniature biblical museum. The Smithsonian Institution has prepared the exhibit, and Dr. Cyrus Adler, of the Institution, writes in *THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES* of Dec. 7 an article which gives one a clear idea of the varied and instructive features of the collection. The geography and natural history of the Bible, its plant life, its animal life, and its archeology, are all represented. For the many who will not have an opportunity of visiting the Exposition, Dr. Adler's article offers an unusual opportunity of becoming acquainted with the life and conditions of ancient Palestine.

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"Reaching the Masses." This is an address to Preachers by H. L. Hastings, Editor of "The Christian." Preachers will, no doubt, want to read it and learn its valuable lesson. The masses will be quite as interested to know how they are to be reached and for what purpose. It is safe to say that no one will lay the book aside until they reach the closing of the thirtieth page. The good man asks, "Are we certain that we really wish to reach the masses? And if so, for what purpose do we wish to reach them? What is the good of reaching them? Have we anything they wish? What do we want of them after we have reached them? Published at 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. Price 10 cents.

"No difference how much one knows intellectually that would enable him to believe in a God and the angels and in a great future life—no difference how good he may be morally, nor how much he may do toward helping humanity with love, money or means, it is of a lower order of life than this grand possible unfoldment of spiritual expression in man which in its higher development enables him to know all things and control all things to the best interest of the world of mankind."

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Topics are treated in strict alphabetical order, and as often as the alphabet is covered a new volume begins and the same course is resumed. Subscriptions only 50 cents for each 500 pages. Specimen sent free on request. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 10 and 12 Vandewater Street New York.

THE Lee family of Virginia is the subject of a series of profusely illustrated articles which will constitute a leading feature in FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY during the current year. The February number of this magazine, just out, contains the initial article of the series, entitled "The Ancestors of General Robert E. Lee, and the Times in which They Lived," written by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, embodying many rare portraits, coats-of-arms, etc. This same February number of FRANK LESLIE's also contains beautifully illustrated articles upon "A Roman Festa," by Theo Tracy "Sardinia" by Charles Edwards; "The Social Settlement in America" by Rufus E. Wilson; "West Point" by Carl J. Becker; "Art Students in Paris;" and stories, sketches and poems by Howard Paul, George Edgar Montgomery, Dr. J. H. Porter, J. F. Sullivan, Ella Rodman Church, Lena L. Pepper, and other popular contributors.

THE new FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS improves with every number. That for February is the best yet;

(Continued on 3rd page of Cover.)

The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVI.

MARCH, 1896.

No. 3.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHAS. D. HAMPTON OF UNION VILLAGE, O.

NO. 2.

IN the progress of my experience a change came over the vision of my life. From viewing the face of affairs in the moral, political and religious world, my unseen adviser commenced a close examination of my own particular moral standing as a rational and accountable being. He began to expose to my mental vision the secret motives which moved me to action; showed me their interior indications of selfishness, and seriously called in question their sincerity, purity and sound integrity.

My internal state and real moral condition was shown up as clear as anything had previously been exhibited and my partial, selfish feelings were arraigned as being in antagonism with the general good and as having a tendency to perpetuate the evils of existence and to poison the streams of human life.

About this time in the course of my experience, I became feelingly sensible of the operation of an influence acting independent of the operations of my own mind or the suggestions of my own will, often strangely producing effects even contrary to my own voluntary volitions. Sometimes it opened before me a flood of light and such a power of perception on a particular subject as would enlighten my understanding to see with unerring certainty the truth of a proposition which I had previously rejected and thus commanding my assent and final belief.

At other times by an intuitive perception, which at first sight was repugnant to my former mode of thought and entirely foreign from any view of the subject which had ever before been presented to my view. Thus my

familiarity with this unseen "mentor" increased daily and my confidence in his wisdom, justice and purity continued to increase with our acquaintance until I found myself almost constantly in his company and listening to his counsels. Our intimacy continued until I yielded almost entire obedience to his suggestions and submitted my difficulties to the censorship of his decisions and always found increasing safety and protection from his friendly and faithful guardianship.

About this time a circumstance occurred which I will record as it shows the stronghold my unseen friend had gained on my feelings, and how averse I was to do anything which might mar the amicable relation between us.

In the town where I resided there lived a man who had been an old school-mate. Between us for a long time had unhappily existed a state of open, undisguised enmity in our feelings so far that we did not speak to one another when we met, or give the most remote recognition of a friendly disposition. We finally settled down into a formal indifference, and a most thorough contempt for one another, and it seemed probable to all that it would continue through all coming time.

Sitting in the presence of my kind instructor and having grown so familiar as to hold converse with him by plain question and answer, and entirely unsuspecting of the existence of anything wrong in my own case, the following soliloquy took place.

Mentor.—You have done well. You have been guided by my counsel and have been favored in all your understanding. Your mind is tranquil and thankful for my aid and protection. I have hitherto required nothing at your hand, but to enjoy life and do nothing wrong in your knowledge, but the pathway of the just can only grow brighter by the renunciation of self and the mortification of pride. Are you ready to make a sacrifice?

Answer.—I am ready to make any sacrifice which your goodness may demand, only grant me the continuation of your kind protection.

Mentor.—It is required of you that you humble yourself to J—that you confess in his presence the way you have spoken of him and the contempt with which you have treated him, and in all things in which you have misused and ill-treated him, you must make all the reparation of which you are capable. Confess it all in his presence and then ask his forgiveness for the injury you have done him.

Horror-stricken at the idea of humbling myself in the presence of my equal, and of all men the most hateful. I attempted to reason the matter.—It seems to me unfair to descend to him in this abject manner as I can not help thinking of him as most to blame. He has said and done everything to injure and distress me and to make life uncomfortable.

Mentor.—What he has done he is accountable for and he alone must bear it, but you must do right whether any other one does or not. To you it has not been awarded to judge your brother. Your present peace and justification can only be maintained by obedience to my request.

After long meditation on the subject and summoning all the fortitude of which I was master, I arose from my chair and walked slowly to the door. I intended to comply with the command of my instructor. To my utter astonishment I met the very man at the door. I faltered a moment through excess of my feelings and then in a subdued tone of voice invited him to come in and sit down.

He did so and after a few moments silence, I commenced my confession and honestly exposed the errors of my conduct in regard to him, to the best of my ability and asked his forgiveness.

When I began he scowled on me most contemptuously, but as I proceeded and taking all the blame to myself and laying nothing to his charge, his countenance changed and became profoundly solemn. His lips trembled, tears flowed from his eyes which he had no power to suppress, and he soon melted into a kind and forgiving spirit.

Both of us were overcome by the intensity of our feelings and rushing into each others' arms, silently buried every inharmonious sentiment, and the accumulated wrath of months and years was swept away, and forgotten forever.

A mutual cultivation of kind feelings was entered into and all our disunion was conquered and subdued. After this scene my mind became remarkably calm and my soul seemed to be bathed in an ocean of love, and for many days the measure of my joy was full.

My self-love was extremely mortified, but my interior consciousness was strengthened and I retained the friendship of my guardian spirit. I felt in truth that righteousness was on my side, and my time for many weeks rolled on as a placid stream, and I was strengthened and instructed and it began to seem as though the bitterness of death had passed, and the bright morning of eternal life was just dawning in my spirit.

I was thus solacing my soul in its infant, spiritual existence, and was instructed in its visions which were continually opening to my astonished view. I was now subjected to another test. Sitting in my room, and enjoying the society and converse of my spiritual attendant, the following scene was opened.—

(To be continued.)

As birds wake up when Winter goes to sleep ;

As birds bring gladness with their cheering lays ;

So God's good angels always closely keep

Some glad surprise for those who sing his praise. *C. C. V.*

It is more important to gain a knowledge of our duties in this life, than to seek to know the unknowable.

A. R. S.

TRUE nobility of character is the outgrowth of a life spent in devotional service and godlike deeds of mercy and kindness to our fellow-beings.

Correspondence.

CERNO ISLAND, MEXICO. DEC. 25, 1895.

EDITOR MANIFESTO ;—It is Christmas evening and I want to give a happy greeting to all the faithful workers and readers of THE MANIFESTO. Although many thousand miles divide us we are one in spirit.

I would like to say to all the Brothers and Sisters just a word. In 1854, it was predicted, when the ranks were well filled, that many of them would be sent out into the world to spread the gospel.

The word was,—Do not think of them as wanderers but as your missionary workers. Even though some make mistakes it is better to be illy spoken of than not at all.

When I was quite a young girl, I stepped into the railroad station to wait for the train for Troy, N. Y. There was a woman there sewing over and over and I remarked how rapidly she did it and she answered, "Oh yes I learned to do this at the Shakers." I asked her about them and her answer was, "their belief is all right, but they do not all live up to it."

I could not believe what she told me so I went to try it myself and found that the wrong was within herself and not with the Shakers.

I believe the time is not far distant when the fruit will be gathered home to Zion from the seeds that have been scattered. I feel that there is a great and mighty power working in the world for good although it seems like an age of disbelief and I believe that Mother's gospel will spread over the land. I, for one, will do what little I can to live according to the teaching of the gospel, precept and example.

I never miss an opportunity of spreading the teachings of the gospel.

Your Sister, CORNELIA R. POWERS.

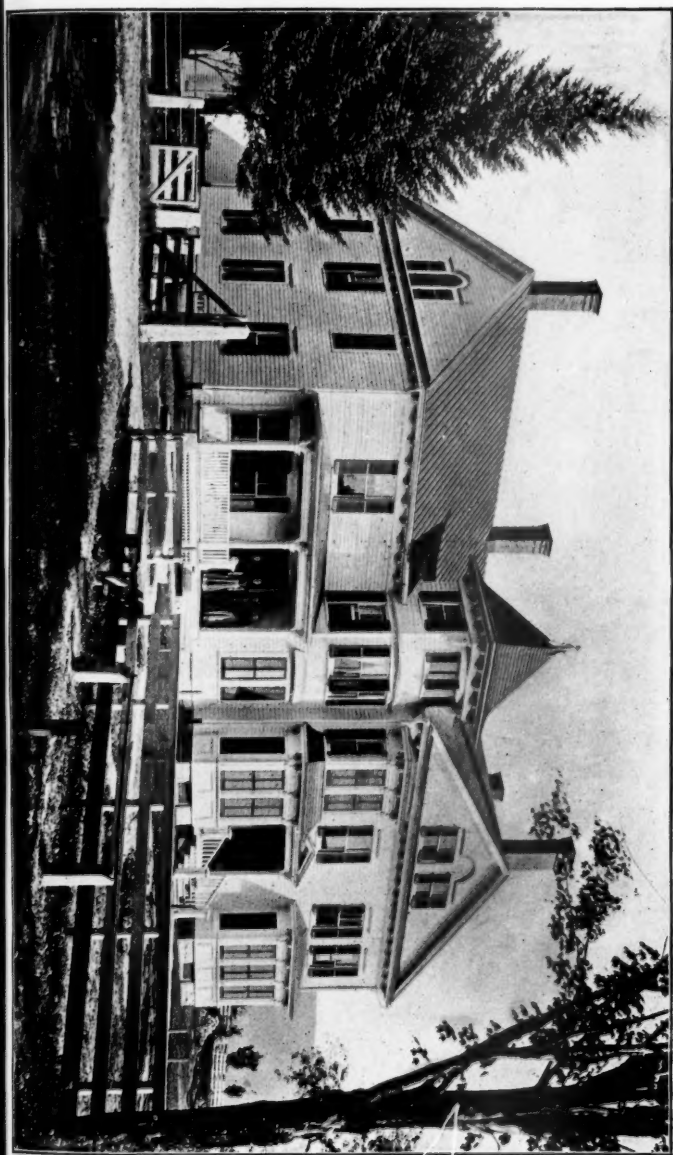
[The above has just been received at the Office of THE MANIFESTO, and certainly, such a kind word will be read with pleasure and as Christmas greetings should last till the introduction of another Christmas, these are not one day too late. Ed.]

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

By Ada S. Cummings.

ANOTHER year is dawning,
O Father, may it be
Unto my soul the warning,
To make my peace with Thee!
Through days of toil and labor,
I've shared Thy love divine;

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And in return I render
 My all, forever Thine.
 This year that lies before me,
 With pages clean and white;
 To Thee, shall be devoted,
 By walking in Thy sight.
 And as I turn its pages
 And view them one by one,
 May I through future ages,
 Repeat: "Thy will be done."
 And should I find before me,
 New fields of labor spread;
 O Father, from Thy fountain
 May my needy soul be fed!

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

THE CHRIST OF THE AGES.

By Aurelia G. Mace.

"Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be."

IN the January "Humanitarian" is a communication by Paul Tyner entitled "The Christ Ideal in Shakerism." He says that the spirit of Jesus came to our Mother Ann Lee when she was in prison in Manchester, England. No doubt it was Jesus, the Christ, for from that time she was clothed with the Christ as with a garment.

In that prison more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago, principles were revealed unto her which the development of the Sciences have been unable to overthrow. Principles that will stand to the end of time.

The Revelation which she received was a harvest from the generative life. Also that the mission of Jesus upon the earth was to teach a higher life to those who were able to receive the doctrine.

When she returned to her people from the prison, she took up the work where Jesus had left it, and her followers were not of the world even as the followers of Jesus, in his day, were not of the world.

In the Order or Community which she founded, she was second to Jesus. Jesus was the first to teach the higher life, Ann Lee was the second. Both were inspired by "The Christ." Our Mother being second to Jesus in the Shaker Order, was the cause of her followers making use of the expression, "Christ made his Second Appearance in Ann Lee." Christ had appeared in thousands before our Mother lived, and also before the days of Jesus.

New truths have been revealed to the disciples of Mother Ann from time to time, ever since the Shaker Order has been established. Our brother,

Paul Tyner is right in this, fast upon the downfall of the generative life has come the enlightenment.

Creeds have fallen before the Star of Revelation.

The Trinity is dethroned. God is our Heavenly Father and Mother.

The Atonement by the death of Jesus has passed away.

Endless punishment is also routed, and an angry God is no more.

But the sinner finds punishment enough. Each must atone for his own sins, by bringing them to the light and forsaking them forever. When reformation is complete the punishment is removed.

Progression after death is also established. A travel of the soul from one degree of grace and glory to another forever and ever. A soul can recede from God after death, yet the farther he gets away the harder he will find it to return, but return he must, sooner or later.

Even the Parsees bring back their first old evil one, Ahriman and his rebellious host. After being purified by fire they all return and are forgiven.

In the Shaker Community woman has taken her place as an equal with man, by intellectual if not by physical strength. Where there is an Elder, there is also an Eldress, where there is a Deacon, there is a Deaconess, considered equal in their powers of government.

A Shaker must live in the light, he must walk the straight path of purity, and consecrate himself and all that he has to the upbuilding of the cause, should he depart from either of these principles he ceases to be a Shaker.

The arts and sciences, in a future day, will flourish under the patronage of those living the highest life,—the Shaker life. Heretofore the work of drawing the lines between flesh and spirit have been so great that there has been no time to give to any other thought but that of watching all the avenues to keep out the evils that might enter and destroy the good that had been gained. In the New Heavens and New Earth, all that is pure and elevating in Art and the Sciences will be understood and appreciated.

Sabbathday Lake, Me.

MEDITATIONS.

By Oliver C. Hampton.

THERE'S peace in the knowledge "Thy will is best"

When sorrow or danger are near,

It causes our bark on the billows to rest,

And calms the dark waves of despair.

There's peace in forgiveness, though oft we offend;

'Tis the elixir of life,—

And silence is better by far than descending

To angry contention and strife.

There's Heavenly peace in the union of souls,
 Far more than in folly and mirth,
 And the church where this halcyon union controls,
 Is the happiest region on earth.
 Beloved Mother Lucy once said to the Church,
 "Your union will yet be your all,"
 And is it not best to look well to our ways
 And see that we live to this call?

There's peace in confession of every known sin,
 For sweet consolation ensues;
 Yea! here the fruitions of heaven begin
 And holy at-one-ment accrues.
 There's peace in forbearance and patience, withal,
 And charity has its reward,
 When we the sore trials and sorrows forestall
 Of dear waiting saints of the Lord.

Then let us all seek the rich treasures of peace
 And walk in obedience and love,
 And build up the Church in a holy increase
 And look for the light from above.
 What are we here for but to work for the cause
 Of righteousness, purity, peace,
 To cleave to the Lord and obey his just laws
 And from sinful negations to cease.
 To leave all our toil and our labor severe
 For those who succeed us to share,
 Surrender our talents, and all that we are,
 For still higher realms to prepare.
Union Village, O.

PATIENCE.

By Cora Vinneo.

Nor unto every one comes wealth or fame,
 The pomp of triumph, and the gift of pride;
 Not unto all comes glory's wond'rous name,
 Whose theme and altar have been deified.
 All may not wear the martyr's cloak of fire,
 Nor clasp with fervent hands the burning stake;
 All may not feel the prophet's high desire;
 Nor drink the cup of poison for truth's sake.

These call for courage which to few is given ;
 But humbler martyrs meet us every day,
 God's patient ones who steadfastly have striven
 'Gainst foes within, and kept them all at bay.
 Yea, all sometimes may feel the stress of toil ;
 The disappointment that has failed to win ;
 All may with sorrow burn the midnight oil,
 Alone with trouble, doubt, distrust and sin.
 All may be tried as never soul was tried ;
 For so I know, no two can feel alike ;
 No one can die the death another died ;
 No one has struck where you and I must strike.
 No one has felt the triumph we may feel,
 The victory we gain is ours alone ;
 No one has heard the music grand and real,
 That swells when life gives up its undertone.
 Then take new courage where before you failed,
 Guard well the heart with watchful faith and prayer,
 And when your eyes with falling tears are veiled
 Look o'er the cloud, the Patience-bow is there.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

TENDERNESS.

By Annie R. Stephens.

Down in the woodland's deep and fragrant gloom,
 Where shadows quiver, green boughs interlace,
 And soft, cool zephyrs tremble in each space ;
 The violets grow, arrayed in purple bloom,
 All wet with dews exhale their rare perfume.
 We gaze into each bright uplifted face,
 They sweetly smile with soft and tender grace,
 A hint of joy from worlds beyond the tomb.
 They seem to wear an angel's aureole,
 Such as we see in pearly dew-drops shine.
 Their silent speech—an oracle divine,
 Breathes forth this message to each listening soul ;
 "All life is rich that humbly seeks to bless."
 Oh petaled music of Love's tenderness !
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

MIRTH is like a burst of sunlight in the midst of clouds which lasts but a moment, but constant cheerfulness is like the bright and golden day.

SAVIORS.

IT has been more than one hundred years since Mother Ann Lee published the testimony of the gospel of the Christ, in this country or since the Shakers moved into the town of Watervliet, N. Y. After reaching their new home they toiled faithfully for three years to establish a society on a religious foundation, without having any accessions to their order. To some of the company this was very discouraging, but Mother Ann never doubted the sacredness of her mission.

She placed her trust in God, and in the spring of 1780 the Believers were visited by people from many of the adjoining towns. The word of God was preached and the testimony of the cross accepted.

Ignorant and simple minded people circulated the story that the Shakers worshipped Ann Lee, and in accepting her doctrine they must ignore the doctrine of Jesus the Christ. Ignorance, like every other thing, will have a place and a chance to display itself and it does not hesitate to appear before the public to be heard in its own defense.

A minister on meeting one of the Shaker Elders, said to him,—“I understand that the Shakers worship a woman,—Ann Lee.”

We worship neither man nor woman, said the Elder, but we worship the Christ, whether it be found in man, woman or child.

Jesus, as history informs us, was the son of a Jew and was born in Bethlehem. His father was a carpenter and Jesus worked with his father till he was thirty years of age.

Ann Lee was the daughter of an Englishman, and was born in Manchester, England.

Jesus earned his daily bread as a carpenter.

Ann Lee earned her daily bread as a domestic or servant.

These Saviors thru moral and spiritual discipline arose to a position from which they were called as instruments in the hands of God to accomplish a spiritual work for the peace and salvation of mankind.

Moses, Joshua, Deborah, Samuel, David and others received largely of the same spirit and were engaged as leaders of the religious work of their day. Other saviors have arisen with more or less light, in the civil and religious world, and have so advanced the cause of freedom of thought and action that in all fully civilized countries every one can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Thru our great distance from those of the first advent of the Christ, and thru the legendary stories that have been written and thru the confusion of religious tongues and of creeds and of churchal dogmas that

have arisen in the world and have been forced upon the minds of men, we have been induced to believe many things for which there can be no substantial evidence.

Of this one thing, however, we are quite certain. All good comes from God and the manifestations of righteousness are received of God by his witnesses and then given to man.

George Fox the first Quaker was a shoemaker, and yet a man inspired of God, in whose heart the spirit of the Christ found a receptive place, and the doctrine of non-resistance which he urged upon his people has never been excelled since that day.

It was thru a daily self-denial that Ann Lee received the spirit of God and become one of the saviors that should stand upon the Mount Zion. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus the Christ," "who is the power of God and the wisdom of God."

In the power of this spirit Ann Lee became a savior of the children of men, and thru her faithfulness in teaching her followers to build on the foundation,—Christ, in the power and wisdom of God, she aided largely to save her people from the sins of the world. Other "saviors shall come upon Mount Zion and the kingdom shall be the Lord's."

A savior is one that saves, and salvation may be equally, as well for the body as for the soul. The savior who could heal the multiplied diseases of the civilized world of to-day, would stand in an exalted position. But above this would stand the one who carries the healing balm for the many diseases that afflict the moral and spiritual world.

If the testimony which Ann Lee delivered before the world is allowed to be obscured by the rubbish that may accumulate around worldly minded Christians it will inevitably result in the loss of that soul. The foundation has been laid on which to build and Jesus has said, "Follow me." To follow is death to the worldly mind, but the beautiful promise in return is the treasure of eternal life.

Our Lord Jesus may have gone before us to glory, nearly two thousand years, and Mother Ann may have passed on for more than an hundred years, and still we need, to-day, living Saviors of a living God, who can be to us what Jesus was to his disciples and what Mother Ann was to her faithful children. To call on the name of Jesus because it has become a popular expression of the churches, is worship without vitality and of no more use than the "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal."

All our protestations of care and deep anxiety for the cross of Christ is no more than the blowing of so much wind, unless our lives correspond in the thoughts we cultivate, in the words we speak and in the work which we perform.

H. C. Blinn.

THE MANIFESTO.

MARCH, 1896.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to

HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

One copy one year, postage paid. .50

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

North Family.

Feb. 1896.

Two months of the New Year already passed. How rapid the flight of time reminding us that it is too precious to waste in idle revery. The poet asks "What is Time? The shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries, these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of time not time itself. Time is the life of the soul." To improve it righteously is of all importance.

February 3rd, Brethren commenced the ice harvest, it took but two days as the large house for cold storage is out of repair, and the season is not a favorable time for making improvements, the small one alone was filled, which holds sufficient for all necessities. The ice is conveyed direct from reservoir to storage room, by means of a slide regulated by crank and rope.

Though the winter by some is thought to be rather unhealthy not having the heights and depths of snow-banks to encounter, yet colds and influenzas have kept their proper distance with majority, and we hope it will continue thus throughout the remaining season. Health is a blessing to body and soul. The mind affects the delicate members of the body, and when out of tune, the vibration in the physical world is very discordant. To be attuned to all that is good and beautiful we must remember that the "Golden age is not behind us, but before us.

Sarah J. Burger.

Shakers, N. Y.

North Family.

Feb. 1896.

WHEN the announcement came to us that our MANIFESTO would discontinue its publication for the present, we were depressed at the visible lowering of the banner that had so long waved, upholding the testimony of the higher life. But when the report came that it would continue its monthly mission, the reaction was great, and we felt like shouting *Glory!* long live THE MANIFESTO. The feeling here at the North family is unanimous for its prosperity and continuance.

Our winter to present date has been an average winter. Not as much snow as the preceeding one, but enough to make fair sledding, which has been improved in hauling logs and fire wood. We are looking anxiously to the opening of the season in which begins active operations on the garden and farm and earnestly hope that the tillers of the soil may have a fruitful year and enjoy a bountiful harvest.

From your Brother who continues to work for the success of the cause.

Hamilton DeGraw.

If we burn the incense of devotion in the clay vessel of formality, instead of arising into heaven as a prayer, its essence may settle down upon us as a cloud.—
L. Staples.

AMONG THE OSGOODITES.

By Henry C. Bliss.

It was on a Sunday morning, several years since that Br. Colby and wife and Sister Grover held religious services in the school-house in District No. 2.

As the disciples of Jacob Osgood are not very numerous, and their meetings held only semi-occasionally, there may be many a wise man who has not been privileged to be with them on the Sabbath.

From a little book which we purchased at the close of the service, we are enabled to learn authentically some things concerning the "Life and Christian Experiences" of Jacob Osgood, or as he is known by his followers, the "Prophet Jacob."

Jacob was born March 16, 1777 in South Hampton, N. H. When twelve years of age he moved to the town of Warner with his parents. At fourteen he was the subject of deep, religious impressions, but did not join the church till he had reached his twenty-first year. The church members, however, could not appreciate the Prophet very highly as they were unable to regulate him in his manner of preaching.

In 1812 he announced himself the leader of a distinct order, and from that time the sect was known as the "Osgoodites." The society arose in Merrimac Co., and held almost wholly within its boundaries. In the western part of the town of Canterbury is a section now known as "Zion's Hill," a beautiful location, which was formerly the abode of several members or this church.

In speaking of his own people, Br. Osgood says,—*"The sect suffered much from persecution. Oct. 4, 1820, they took Br. Wheeler and put him in Hopkinton jail for his faith in Christ. They robbed Br. Wheeler of between six and seven thousand of brick. They drove off Br. Morrill's cow which was worth twenty dollars."*

The "Prophet" follows up a long list of persecutions which were inflicted upon his people, and then notes a reaction of peculiar significance. *"In 1826, God made grasshoppers and they troubled the*

persecutors and ate up almost all before them; but they did not hurt my farm much."

From his own testimony, it would seem that the church people dreaded to see the Prophet enter their places of worship. While speaking in one of these churches "the young preacher jumped up and commanded Br. Osgood to stop;—saying, 'It is my meeting.' Br. Osgood answered; 'I guess it is your meeting, it isn't God's' and sat down."

His biographer says that the Prophet, at one time, weighed not less than 356 lbs. He died in Warner, Nov. 29, 1844, at the age of 68 years.

Resuming our story,—We were pleasantly surprised on our arrival at the little, lonely hall of education, in the western part of Canterbury, to find that so many were already in advance of ourselves. Nearly every seat was occupied at this early hour, and before the services closed the room was densely packed, while many were obliged to listen by the doors and windows.

The congregation which had met for worshipful interest, or for instruction or for curiosity, included members from many of the best Christian families within a circle of some eight or ten miles, to which was added a fair representation of "City boarders."

Br. Colby occupied a chair in front of the Teacher's desk. Throwing off his coat, he conducted the services in his shirt sleeves. He had no especial form of ceremonies; but accommodated himself to the necessities of the hour, by standing or sitting, while he addressed the audience.

He informed us that he had been in the faith some forty years. During the meeting he made several exhortations in a plain, straightforward manner, but dealt unsparingly with the churches, the ministers and the temperance societies. He thought the ministers were a pest on the earth. They worked on Sunday and for this were paid large salaries, and they were always begging for more.

"Where do we read in the Bible" said

he, "that the prophets and apostles were ever paid for preaching the gospel?"

He made free and extended remarks, having reference to the temperance societies, but which he preferred to designate as "Cold water societies." At one time the curse of their preaching was so powerful," said he, "that for fifteen years the apple crop was almost a failure throughout New England."

As the Prophet Jacob, however, had blessed the orchard and the vine, the speaker thought that the prophet had prevailed over all his enemies, and the apple trees and the grape vines were again yielding bountiful returns to the faithful husbandman.

Mrs. Grover, or Aunt Sally, as she was familiarly addressed, after making a few remarks against the habit of lying and stealing, kneeled, alone, in prayer. Her humble petition to God was eminently practical, and no doubt proved as effectual as many of greater pretensions.

At the close of the prayer she sung a hymn, which had been committed to memory.

When Christians to Mt. Zion start,
They leave the world behind;
They leave their spirit and their pride
A better world to find.
And as they travel on this way
Some people, they will cry
Come back! come back! and stay with me
Or you will surely die.

And if you meet Apollyon
You must with courage stand;
And never turn your back to him,
But do the best you can;
And if you will stand fast in faith,
He soon will have to run,
This is the way, my brethren dear,
That we must overcome.

Br. Colby also sung a hymn of eleven verses, giving an account of a plague of locusts. As the piece closed we learned that, by the prayer of the Prophet Jacob, the locusts were driven away.

"In eighteen hundred thirty-two
A band of locusts hove in view
They had great meetings all around
They were quite thick in every town."

Those interested in the entire hymn can obtain it of Br. Colby.

Before the close of the service an invitation was given for any one to speak, and several persons availed themselves of the opportunity.

Br. Colby next exhorted all to come to Christ, to the only true church, and save their souls from the sins of the world. He then made the closing prayer. No change of position was needed. Remaining seated, and rocking easily in his chair, he offered up a sympathetic and universal invocation.

As in every place of religious worship there may be some chaff among the wheat, still it must have been a stolid mind that did not obtain a treasure of good by this peculiar privilege. The neglect to maintain order during the service was most unfortunate as it gave a license to a few unbalanced minds to trespass upon the kindness of our Osgoodite friends, by laughing and talking so that they might be heard across the room.

After dismissal, a general good feeling prevailed and Br. Colby and the two sisters conversed with us quite freely.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Sanitary.

LET IN SUNSHINE.

MAN is a product of nature—like the grass and the flowers. He has come like these, as the result of natural and Divine conditions. Find a lone island in the Pacific, with soil and rain, and behold you discover vegetation and animal life. It is not more difficult for nature to make a blade of grass than to form a coral reef, nor is it more difficult for nature to make a man than it is to form a blade of grass. In the course of time either came forth as the result of successive natural laws. What is essential for the existence of one thing is essential for the other. Light, heat, moisture, air, electric forces, all go to bring forth the great essential motion of the Universe, that is Life. Withdraw any of these and the world becomes either

a desert of sand or a sea of ice. All vegetable and animal life adjusts itself to the whims and passions of nature. Man is no exception. A cloudy sky tends to make him feel gloomy. Fog has a depressing effect upon him. The sultry atmosphere of the South makes him indolent—the bracing wind of the North makes him active. There is nothing more helpful to the spirit than the sunshine, sunshine and a great deal of it. We are too apt to forget that we are natural as well as a divine product, and that like the grass and the flowers we need sunshine and all the natural energy to our well-being.—*Selected.*

RAISINS FOR FOOD.

"It is absolutely certain that the world would be better for it, from the hygienic point of view if we were to eat more fruit and less meat." In California the country of grapes, raisins are cheap. And the raisin, which is only the grape dried in the sun, is a natural food, if there be any such thing. Sugar which the dried grape contains has long been recognized as a genuine food, so much so that manufactured sugar—that is, sugar extracted from the sugar-cane, sugar-beets, sorghum, the maple-tree, or what not—is no longer regarded as an article of luxury, but as a necessity. This being so, it would seem that dried grapes or raisins would furnish the sugar which the system needs in its purest form, for nature's laboratory surpasses all the skill of the chemists and outdoes all the triumph of analysis, quantitative and qualitative. It is sincerely to be hoped that the subject of raisins as food may be thoroughly investigated and exploited, for while they may not take the place of other foods, they may well stand up high in the second rank of food products.—*Journal of Hygiene.*

THE old saw, "Stuff a cold and starve a fever," has been the source of much mischief. When you have taken a cold and have some local inflammation, as a nasal catarrh or an inflamed throat, it is just as

improper to eat stimulating food as when you are suffering from any other inflammation. If for example, the cold takes the form of pleurisy, no one feeds it on beef and mince pie. But I see no reason why a pleuritic stitch may not be thus fed, if lungs inflamed by a cold may be.—*Dio Lewis.*

THE DEACON USED TOBACCO.

"THE Deacon felt sad and said to the sick man,

"I'll pray with you brother."

"Not much you won't," declared the old man. You use tobacco, and I know more about salvation than that myself."—*The War Cry.*

CHILDREN should never be allowed to chew gum promiscuously, nor to put slate or lead pencils in the mouth.—*Temple of Health.*

[Contributed by R. A. Shepard.]

SECRET THOUGHTS.

I HOLD it true, that thoughts are things
Endowed with bodies, breath and wings,
And these we send swift forth, to fill
The world with good results, or ill.

That which we call our secret thought,
Speeds to the earth's remotest spot
And leaves its blessings or its woes
Like tracks behind it, as it goes.

It is God's law. Remember it,
In your still chamber, as you sit [known,
With thoughts you would not dare have
And yet make comrades, when alone.

These thoughts have life, and they will fly
And leave their impress, by and by.

Like some marsh breeze, whose poisoned
breath

Breathes into homes the fumes of death.

And after you have quite forgot
Or all outgrown some vanished thought,
Back to your mind, to make its home,
A dove or raven it will come.

Then let your secret thoughts be fair;
They have a vital part and share
In shaping worlds, and molding fate,—
God's system is so intricate.

—*Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.*

In Memory of Sister
CATHERINE VAN HOUTEN.

By H. R. Agnew.

Again we've assembled in presence Divine
 As befitting the theme of to-day;
 One more of our circle is taken from time,
 Nor would we the summons delay.
 Affliction severe has sorely oppressed,
 Tho' attendants endeavored to soothe;
 At length death has quietly caused its
 arrest,

And time's troubled waters made smoothe.
 Our Sister's long suffering has made her
 more dear

Our sympathy deep to the last;
 Love and kindness bestowed by friends
 ever near

While the vale of the shadows she passed.
 In the high path of virtue, her own daily
 choice,

The pearl of great price she has won;
 And we've no cause to mourn but with
 her we rejoice

That peaceful transition has come.
 With those whom she suffered and toiled
 here in time

She has met, to be parted no more;
 The turmoils of earth are all left behind
 And she rests on that beautiful shore.
 With her it is well, Heavenly Father, we
 pray,

Aid us in thy way to press on;
 Open fountains of life, give us bread for
 the day; [the strong.

Send strength to the weak and comfort
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

NINEVEH BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE.

Clara Wilmarth.

WHEN Jonah came out of his dark,
 damp prison he must have felt humble
 and repentant; and when the Lord told
 Jonah to go and preach to the people of
 Nineveh a second time he did not run
 away, but set out on his journey at once.
 He entered the city crying, "Yet forty
 days and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

This duty must have been very hard for

Jonah, but the power of God was with
 him. It took him a long time to go
 through that large city. He felt repaid
 for his work however, for on the first day
 the people began to repent. The king
 himself was one of the first to repent and
 he sent a message throughout the king-
 dom for all people and cattle to eat no
 food and drink no water. The king took
 off his royal robes and put on sackcloth;
 instead of sitting on his throne he sat on
 the ground with ashes on his head and
 all around him.

This was a sign of deepest grief; but
 God would not have pitied them if they
 had not repented.

This lesson should teach us to repent of
 our wrong-doing. God will ever be with
 us if we ask him and give us strength to
 do right as he did to Jonah.

Hancock, Mass.

TRUST.

Florine Harding.

It is a trusting and reverent heart that
 God loves, on such his fullest blessing
 rests. If we pray to Him how willing He
 is to give ear to our pleadings. He has
 promised if we trust Him, He will remove
 the burden and give strength to bear it;
 to clear the path, or guide us through it;
 to lighten our sorrow, and give us com-
 fort. With all these precious promises
 why should we not love and trust our
 Heavenly Father?

The Savior set the example of a trust-
 ing and prayerful heart, he "leaned not
 in his own understanding" but trusted
 that the Lord would guide him through
 all temptation. It is said "God had one
 son without sin but no son without tem-
 ptation," but he resisted only by his Father's
 help. This teaches that of ourselves we
 are weak, and if we wish to overcome the
 wrong in ourselves we will follow the ex-
 ample our loving Savior set, to seek guid-
 ance from God and trust all things to his
 keeping. To those that love and trust
 him he has given the promise, "I will
 never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Hancock, Mass.

PICKPOCKETS.

By Granville T. Sprout.

"DELAYS," says a quaint writer, "are the pickpockets of time. The sun does not wait for his hot water or his boots, but gets up at once. Delays are like sponges, they wipe out all our good intentions."

Fretfulness is a pickpocket. We spend more time in fretting over one evil than it would take to cure a thousand. "If this and that had not happened," we say; "or if it had only been so and so," and then we sit down and fold our hands and fret, instead of rising with clenched fists to fight and overcome the evil of which we complain.

Care is a pickpocket, an arrant thief; with a file in his hand he tugs away at the bolts and bars of life and digs into the foundation of the strongest citadel. No Burroughs, with his steel and aquafortis is half so busy as he, he will break through stone walls and barred windows and steal away all the sweet wine of life.

Pleasures are pickpockets. They rob us of our armor and leave us weak and helpless in the battle of life. We grow weak in the sun of prosperity, lying down and basking in it like the Dutch captain in the story who, in a calm at sea tied up his rudder, got drunk, laid down and went to sleep heedless of the rocks on to which his vessel was drifting.

Great talkers are pickpockets. They steal from us our minutes which are the "golden sands of life." They talk on, who of all persons have the least to say, stealing at once our own precious time and their own borrowed moments thus committing a double theft. Working energetic men have always been impatient of such.

"Madam," said the sarcastic old Dr. Abernethy to a patient who was describing to him her disease with a tongue that ran like a trip-hammer, "Madam how much longer time will it take you to finish your story? I was thinking, I have a patient across the way, I will go and visit her, in the meantime you can sit here and keep on talking, I will return in about half an hour, perhaps in that time you will have finished your story."

Idlers are the greatest pickpockets. One would think that time was to them a gift to be treated as a child treats its toys, to be broken to pieces and thrown away. Do not parley with such, but make them feel by word and example, how highly you prize the wealth that they so lightly esteem.

"Have you any business with me?"

Cecil used to say to those persons who taxed his time too heavily, "If you have not, pray excuse me, because Time and I have weighty business together."

"You are welcome to my house, my grounds, my horses, my pictures, my books, but I cannot say thus to you of the best portion of my estate—my time." A late great scholar and statesman used to say to his guests, after having devoted to them what time he could well spare from other duties: If I have ever been able to do anything worth mentioning in life it has been by setting a trap to catch the minutes.

Canaan, N. Y.

✎ THOSE who are interested in the Shakers will find a clear and candid article on "The Christ Ideal in Shakerism," in the "Humanitarian" of January, 1896.

✎ P. A. Sequin of Chicago, Editor of the "True Protestant" has entered the Lecture field in the interest of a Home for ex-priests, nuns and monks, who have left the Church of Rome. Ira A. Fuller has donated for this purpose a tract of twenty acres of land in the state of Wisconsin.

Mackintoshes and Rubber Clothing—large commissions can be earned by retailing to users. Sample free. Manufacturer, P. O. 1371 New York.

Deaths.

Bishop Pomeroy, at Hancock, Mass. Jan. 31, 1896. Age 84 years and 6 mo. He was a good and virtuous man, true to the cause he had espoused, and a kindly willing helper. He was well spoken of by all.

E. B.

Catherine Van Houten, at Mount Lebanon, N. Y. Feb. 7, 1896. Age 78 years and 2 mo.

H. R. A.

THE MANIFESTO.

It is full of good things for young people. Oliver Optic starts the number with an interesting Washington's Birthday Story. An article that all readers of juvenile literature will enjoy is "Favorite Story-writers for Young People," by Frank Lee Farnell, in which are described the methods of work of Oliver Optic, Edward S. Ellis, Nora Perry, J. T. Trowbridge and Susan Coolidge; finely illustrated with their latest portraits. It is the first of a series of papers on the subject. Then there is an article on "Costumes for a Fancy Dress Party"; an entertaining chat about chameleons; several short stories; the continuation of the two serials by Edward S. Ellis and Jeannette H. Walworth; a story for the little folks; the editor's talks about the new books for boys and girls; and a number of puzzles, for the solution of which a prize of \$5 is offered.

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REV. MARK GUY PEARSE tells the following story:

A member of the church once got drunk. He sought to go back to God and get his peace restored. He could not find the Savior, so he sought again. His minister called upon him. The minister said to him: "You pray again."

They knelt down together. "O God! Thou knowest thy servant in a moment of unwatchfulness was overtaken by sin."

"Nonsense!" said the minister. "Tell the Lord you got drunk."

He began again: "O Lord! Thou knowest thy servant in his weakness and frailty was overtaken by a besetment."

"Nonsense! Tell the Lord that you got drunk."

At last the poor fellow said: "O God, have mercy upon me! I got drunk."

Then very speedily that man was at peace with God again.—*Selected.*

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